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Arts

In

St. Louis

Edited by

Wm. Tod Helmuth, M.D.

St. Louis

1884.



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Artistic Contributors to this Work

Painting	C. E. Wimer.
Sculpture	Miss H. Hosmer.
Photography	E. Long.
Lithography	A. McLean.
Printing	R. P. Studley & Co.

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TO THE

SANITARY COMMISSION

OF THE

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

AND TO THOSE WHOM

ITS PHILANTHROPY RELIEVES,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

Are Respectfully Inscribed.

PREFACE.

It is not intended, nor could it be expected in a work of so limited an extent as the present, to call the attention of the reader to more than a *single* artist in each department herein represented, as merely an allusion to those who, possessed of much merit, at present reside in our midst, would occupy more time and space than the capacity of the volume would allow.

The object of the following pages is merely to practically illustrate to what extent the arts at present exist in this city, and to point out a few of those artistic performances to which St. Louis may be said to lay especial claim, and which have already attracted the notice of the best critics, both at home and abroad.

It will be noticed, that in addition to both Sculpture and Painting, the arts of lithography, photography and printing are necessarily introduced, the degree of merit in each department, as well as the whole execution of the work, are left to the judgment of the indulgent reader.

The names of those who have contributed to the formation of the volume will be found on the last page.

Ancient Art and Modern Science.

It is both an interesting and instructive study to investigate the antiquity of Art, and to observe its phases and modifications as it descends through different ages, and is manifest in the varied nations, from the most remote to the present era in the history of the world.

To the inquiring student in this field, the iconographic researches, which have of late years been carried to a considerable extent, have opened hitherto unexplored fields; while, at the same time, science has been materially aided in the establishment of certain facts in reference to the habits and peculiarities of nations of antiquity.

The oldest statues, in fact, the earliest monuments of human art that probably are now extant, are those which have been brought from Egypt and placed in the Louvre Museum, and are of great value, firstly: In assisting the inquirer to form a correct idea of the art of that country, before it became fettered by a traditionary hierarchic type; and, secondly: because, in a scientific point of view, much light is thrown upon the vexed question of the "permanency of scull forms" existing in the same nation for thousands of years.

If it can be proven that the cranial characteristics of the different races of mankind remain the same, that is to say, *in their type*, (of course, there may be variations in species)—if it can be proven that the cranial characteristics of the different races of men remain the same in their *type* for ages—if the permanency of skull form from generation to generation can

be established, then a great point will be gained in the contested question.

Certainly we would be disposed to regard any proofs arising from such artistic comparison as of greater importance than those deductions which have been introduced by philologists, who endeavor, by comparison of languages and the derivation of words, to throw light upon the subject; and simply for the reason that language will be found to be constantly changing, while, from facts lately elicited, we may be led to believe that crania may remain the same in their type through hundreds of generations.

Some of the most clearly demonstrable proofs in relation to the permanency of skull forms, and those possessed of high interest, are those which result from the late discoveries and exhumations at Memphis by M. Auguste Mariette. These relics are many pieces of statuary, executed in a high style of Egyptian art, and belong to the *earlier days of the pyramids.* They were removed with great care and expense to the Louvre, and there remain as permanent monuments of Egyptian art, as it appeared THIRTY-FIVE CENTURIES BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA, and continuing in an unbroken series to the present day.

That the reader may have some idea of the interest with which these venerable mementoes of antiquity are regarded, both by the Artist and the scientific enquirer, as bearing upon the permanency of artistic forms, the following quotation describing them will not be devoid of interest: "The crouching statuette of a Scribe, celebrated at the Louvre as '*le petit bon hommie,*' is the crowning master piece of primitive art, revealed through Mariette's exhumations. It is from the venerable tomb of the Fifth Dynasty, five thousand years old, which the late constructors (above two thousand years ago) of the ancient avenue of Sphinxes, leading to the Mephite Seraphum, had cut through and walled up again.

"The material is white sandstone, colored red. The profile view exhibits the excellence of its workmanship no less than the *purest*

type of an ancient Egyptian. Beneath it Mr. Glidden has repeated the *same head*, with the sole addition of the moustache and short beard, and the mutation of the head-dress into the quilted cotton skull-cap of the modern peasantry; and thus we behold the *perfect preservation of a typical form of man through five thousand years of time*, in the familiar effigy of a living Fellah."

It has been argued by some, that however perfect may be the resemblance between the heads of many of the statues and the physiognomy and head-form of the modern Egyptian, it is quite impossible to decide, with certainty, the real age of those sculptured remains to which so much interest has been attached. Without entering upon any disquisition on this point, it need only be mentioned that later researches have fully established this important question; and that the name of the tomb from whence they were taken, the draperies, grouping, &c., bear witness to the great age of these monuments of ancient Egyptian art.

If such may be considered as somewhat conclusive proof in the matter, why should one nation differ from another in this peculiar permanency of cranial conformation? and may not, if opportunities offer for similar investigation in reference to other inhabitants of the globe, similar results be attained?

But the student-artist need not stop here—another step may be taken, and without entering upon the primary development and ultimate growth of brain matter and calvaria, it may be to a certain extent asserted, that the configuration of the brain is expressed, in a degree, by the outer covering of bone; and as, in different nations, differently shaped crania and facial skeletons are discovered, by comparing the mutual relations of these, we may be enabled to ascertain at least the indications of those distinguishing marks which may be called characteristic of the habits and peculiarities of whole races of mankind. Some writers, and those too of considerable eminence, have endeavored to base the vast structure of political economy upon the very facts which have been here so cursorily alluded

to. If the brain be expressed by the configuration of the skull —if the brain be the seat of the mental faculties—then, as the actions of the body are caused by volitions of the mind, and as the acts of a community are composed by the individual action of each separate member of that community, then is not the history of a nation, both civil, religious, political and artistic, dependent upon the natural and physical characteristics of its citizens? and may not these be judged by the comparison of those bony casements which even express the *convolutions* of the encephalon on their internal surfaces, and which expand and grow with that mighty mystery?

Such, then, are the vast fields which the study of the antiquity of Art forces upon the student, and it will clearly be seen what import to Science are these beautiful and interesting investigations, tending as they do more and more to astound us with the perfection of the Art of the ancient Egyptians.

The earliest statue now extant is said to be that of KAM-TEN, belonging to the III Dynasty, which is in a remarkable degree of preservation.

It is a somewhat strange fact, however, that while Egyptian Art had arrived at such perfection, yet was it limited to the isolated land, belonging only to the Valley of the Nile, while the Shemitic races were tending to spread civilization by their migrations, colonizations and conquests, all over the known world. Still, however, Egypt claims precedence in the Fine Arts, because Painting and Sculpture being proscribed by the most sacred rites of the Hebrews and Arabs, they could not be expected to excel either in plastic or pictorial beauty.

These two nations, however, together with the Phoenicians, raised themselves to great pre-eminence in civilization, and the *Arts* distinguishing these from the Fine Arts. To them we owe the phonetic alphabet, the coinage of money, the invention of bills of exchange, &c., the increase of commerce, and many of the most important and essential points tending towards high civilization.

The Grecians derived their Sculpture, no doubt, from the Egyptians, and the Etruscans from both Egypt and Greece, the style of Etruria being, in its earlier day, a close resemblance to that of the Nile Valley, while at a later period it could scarcely be distinguished from that of Athos.

With reference to Italian Art, a quotation from Mr. Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia,* may be here introduced:

"Italian Art is derived directly out of Byzantine Art, which is the first school of modern painting. To speak of the constant symbolism of the Pagan Art that was adopted by Christians in the early period, is beyond the range I have prescribed to myself. But it may be observed in passing, that the whole of that style was entirely symbolical. Enter the circular church of S. Costanza near Rome, erected by Constantine, and the brilliant mosaics in the ceiling, representing grapes, vine-leaves, birds, &c., will seem to identify a heathen dwelling, until you learn that all these are Christian emblems. In other mosaics of that period, the Saviour is scarcely ever exhibited in his real aspect as a man, but under the likeness of a lamb, a fish, &c. But all this style is to be considered as Pagan Art applied to Christian purposes. The beginning of the genuine Christian Art in painting t—he infancy of that Art which grew to perfection in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was in the school of Byzantium. That was the first time that Art undertook to represent, by visible lineaments, the spiritual characteristics of Christian life; and this style thus had from its feeblest commencement a new and even antagonist principle of life from the degraded Roman Art which it superseded. It was as if a wind from one quarter, long failing and fitful, had at length died away, and a current from an opposite direction had begun to come out. And this I take to be in truth, the first germ, in history, of that splendid Art of painting which we justly set with pride against the sculpture of the Greeks. For notwithstanding what has of late years been said respecting the merit of the Greek paintings discovered at Pompeii, I must adhere to the opinion that painting, as we conceive of it, is exclusively modern and Christian. If the frescoes in the Museo Borbonico are examined, they will be found to be

*Art and Scenery in Europe. Philadelphia, 1857.

nothing else than sculpture drawn upon a flat surface. In conception, manner, and effect, they are altogether different from painting as illustrated in Italy, and are essentially statuary.

"The period of the origin of this Byzantine style may be fixed in the ninth century, when the vehement dispute respecting images having been decided in favor of the practice of representation in a special way, gave rise to a class of purely religious and emblematic paintings, through the medium of human types. This new Art was entirely an ecclesiastical pursuit: the modes of representation were settled by the church, and it was practiced exclusively by monks. The *purpose* of this style is particularized by this original and special characteristic, that it undertook to express or denote, by the manner of the features and limbs, the moral graces of the divine and saintly characters. It took its outlines, of course, from the degraded Roman Art, then existing; but it used them with a new intention and effect. The heads of saints were depicted with meagre, sorrowful, ascetic expressions, which are not to be regarded as attempts to imitate in the best practicable way, the natural, visible beauty and dignity of the human face, but to indicate the mortification, self-denial, and carnal humiliation, which were the virtues glorified by the church. The beauty contemplated was altogether inward and mental. So, in the scene of the crucifixion, the Saviour was drawn emaciated almost to a skeleton, a mode of figuring, long maintained among the early German artists, among many of whom, such as Wolgemuth and Albert Durer, a certain asceticism of purpose is discernible. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks, upon one of these pictures, that the early artists seemed to have painted the crucifixion upon a supposition that the Saviour died by starvation. The purpose, really, was to symbolize to the thought that subdual of all natural and personal glory and vanity, that victory over the flesh, its pride, its boast, and its enjoyments, which were identified with the Redeemer's merit in that transaction. This style, thus symbolical in character, and intellectual in significance, was prescribed and conventional in its methods. The modes of representation were fixed by ecclesiastical authority, so that it was not lawful to change them. They form, in effect, a hieroglyphic language, embodying theological meanings, and speaking to the mind, rather than the senses. It appears from the '*Manuel d'Iconographie Chretienne*,' translated by M. Didron, and before re-

ferred to, that particular directions for representing every scene and subject that the painter was permitted to treat, was given in the monkish manuscripts from which the paintings of that day were made. And it may be remarked, as a curious fact, that the subjects and the method of treating them, which are found throughout all the schools of Italy and Germany in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, are quite the same as those contained in M. Didron's manuscript; rendering it perfectly clear that they were derived from some such ecclesiastical precepts.

"It was upon the types of this Byzantine school, that the infant genius of Italian Art began to work in the thirteenth century. It was in reproducing their forms and countenances, under a condition of increased freedom from the superstitious rigor of symbolism, and with a more genial sympathy with the nature whence those shapes and faces originally were drawn, that the earliest movements of creative power were manifested in pictures. Let us recur to the Madonnas of Duccio di Siena, in the church of San Dominico in Siena, and Cimabue, in the Novella at Florence; taking the former, especially, as a monument, because it is the oldest existing *picture*, or movable work, of an Italian artist, and bears the date, A. D. 1220. Any one familiar with the Byzantine specimens which remain in the Italian galleries, will at once see that these are entirely of that school in their style, and differ from good specimens in nothing but the increased degree of nature and humanity that softens and animates the faces. It is simply the frozen or petrified type of womanhood, which had been preserved like a mummy under the huge robe in which the Virgin was represented, now gradually melting and relaxing back into life and consciousness. But Byzantine in style as these works are, they are Italian in the power of their inspiration. It is rather the mode, at present, as in Dante's day, to exalt Giotto at the expense of Cimabue; but it seems to me that, in reference to the time when he wrought, the latter deserves to be considered as one of the mightiest and most original geniuses that ever appeared; fit herald of the coming of Leonardo and Michael Angelo; the flaming morning-star of a day that spread from the Gulf of Naples to the Adriatic, bright with the splendors of Rafael, Correggio, Titian, and Dominichino. The Madonna in the Santa Maria Novella is, to my feelings, a work of exalted and ever-during merit, worthy to be carried, at this day, in

triumph through the streets. It is a great work, in comparison with any age; and has more inspiration than could be gleaned from all the pictures that have been painted in Europe in the two last centuries. In the east transept, for the church runs north and south, stands this celebrated work. It is very large. The Virgin, of colossal size, is seated on a throne, holding the infant in her lap. Her robe and head-dress are extremely dark, and bordered with gold. Her face is of a natural form, and full of beauty and expression; the eyes open and large. The child, whose right hand is held out, with two fingers extended, in the attitude of benediction, as practiced in the Latin Church, is a fine figure. Along the sides of the picture, are six kneeling forms of angels, in various positions, freely and excellently drawn; with countenances of heavenly loveliness, and in attitudes highly graceful. A spiritual power pervades the work, which stamps it as the production of a truly great artist.

"Giotto, however, is a name justly memorable, on account of the prodigous advance which he made in leading Art in the direction of life and reality,—qualities for which he was more remarkable than for spirituality, and in which he was not universally followed by the most eminent of his immediate Florentine successors. Fortunately for the greatness of the Florentine school, its passage into perfect nature was postponed for nearly two centuries. That interval shows a constant progress, under many varieties of manner, in developing the riches of conception, and the resources of form and composition. We may note two classes of these artists: those who were pre-eminently spiritual, such as Fra Beato and Orcagna: and those whose bias, like Giotto's, was to the actual, such as Filippino Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Cosimo Roselli. The two characters were best united by Masaccio. But in the works of all these artists, until we come to Leonardo, more or less of the old conventionalism stiffens the figures and distorts the composition. Something of the archaic symbolism, which, in giving intensity to inward expression and significance, made the attitudes and grouping awkward, was always visible. But at last, by Leonardo da Vinci, the conceptions of Art were embodied in forms entirely natural in character, movement, and condition. In the productions of that wonderful man, the spiritual and the real were brought into union in a harmony the most absolute. From that time, Art spoke the universal language of nature. He is the author

of this great transition, and the father of the perfect school of Art. Then quickly followed Michael Angelo and Rafael, and the style was irrevocably established. Much of the freedom and actuality of manner which Leonardo and Michael Angelo instituted, was derived from their anatomical studies, and from their practice in modeling and casting. But the general transition was principally stimulated by the rediscoveries then made of the ancient works of Greek sculpture, nearly all of which had been lost beneath the rubbish and mould of centuries.

"In the older works of Fra Beato and Perugino, the faces are little else than calm mirrors of passive mental sweetness and purity, and the figures serve for little but to sustain the faces. If the countenances form deep and satisfying studies of spirituality, it is no objection that the attitude or action be not altogether lifelike. In like manner, in that earlier school, we meet with many instances where, although the forms may be accurately and finely drawn, the composition is wholly spiritual and symbolical, and not in the least historical or dramatic; as in the pictures where the Madonna is seated on a throne, with one or two saints on either side of her. These seem to be derived from a more ancient style of representing the Madonna on a central panel, and two or four saints in separate compartments adjoining her. Then the removal of the dividing frames placed the holy attendants in rows beside her, as is common in Perugino, and is sometimes found in Rafael, as, for example in the Madonna di Foligno. The composition does not pretend to represent any thing that did or might take place. Saints of the most various times are brought together around the mother and infant. The parties are not attending to one another. Each stands wrapped in meditation. The impression and interest of each are meant to be spiritual; and the company represents nothing but an aggregation of pious contemplations. In the succeeding style, figures are brought together only as taking part in some consistent and probable action, as in Correggio's St. Jerome.

"The truth and greatness of this new and perfect style rest upon this principle or law: that the forms and scenes of life, viewed of course ideally, possess capacity to embody and represent all spiritual sentiments. In another department, Shakspeare has shown that society, as it moves, illustrates moral truth more accurately, fully, and

strikingly than any dissertations could reveal it. But to have this representative power of instruction, it must be viewed and rendered imaginatively; and in reading or seeing Shakspeare's dramas, one knows not which to consider more remarkable, the truthfulness to nature or the vivid imaginativeness of conception, by which that high truth is brought out. The living greatness and intellectual power of that dramatist lie in the naturalness of his characters and scenes, and in their immense elevation above the literality of the actual. To form the consummate manner of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, a common approximation took place between the spiritual feeling on the one hand, and the natural form on the other. The human figure was conceived of, with a dignity, variety, expressiveness, and grandeur fit to indicate every spiritual feeling; and the spiritual was apprehended no longer in the abstract and morbid manner formerly prevailing, but in a concrete, personated, and individual style. The spirituality is identified with character, and treated illustratively instead of directly. But the spiritual still is the great and paramount subject of the artist, and living forms are but the medium of its display."

It will be seen from this short sketch that the bearing which ancient Art exerts at the present day over science, civilization, and even religion, is greater than at a cursory glance would be supposed, and although but a brief outline has been presented to the reader, the importance of the subject, and the many relations to which it can be extended, may perhaps be sufficient to induce a further examination.

Sculpture.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MISS HARRIET G. HOSMER.

In this department of the Fine Arts, the citizens of St. Louis feel especial interest in the works of Miss HARRIET G. HOSMER, (protographic views of some of whose artistic productions appear in the following pages,) from the fact that it was in this city that she received that anatomical instruction which is indispensable to the life-like rendering of the human form, and that also, during her residence here she personally endeared herself to many of our best and most influential citizens.

Miss HOSMER was born in Watertown, Mass., in 1831, and being of rather delicate health, was encouraged by her father to pursue a course of physical exercise, which though appertaining more to the opposite sex, was calculated to develope and to strengthen what otherwise would have been the weak points in her constitution. We find from a short biographical notice of her life, that "at comparatively an early age she was an adept in shooting, swimming, riding, skating, and other out-of-door sports, and began to give much attention to modeling figures in clay." For some time she studied anatomy with her father, who was a physician, and in the autumn of 1850 she repaired to a medical college in this city, where she, with en-

ergy and perseverance, applied herself to anatomical studies. Nothwithstanding many obstacles that are ever to be found in the pathway of those *born* artists who feel the inward breathings of that spirit which, depicted in their works, is hereafter to render their names illustrious in the catalogue of fame, she resolutely persevered and received such additional knowledge that upon her return home in the summer of 1851, she immediately commenced her first original head, a bust of "Hesper," which, upon its completion in marble, in the succeeding year, attracted so much attention in Boston, that her friends were encouraged to place her under the instruction and supervision of a competent master at Rome. Thither she repaired in 1852, and from her talents and originality, gained admittance to the studio of the celebrated Gibson, who immediately entered upon the willing task of instruction to so apt a pupil. Her first winter in the Imperial City was spent in acquiring the art of modeling from the antique.

But her originality of design soon brought forth its fruits in the busts of "Daphne" and "Medusa." Her third work, "Œnone" (vide second photograph) was produced for, and is now the property of our fellow-citizen, Wayman Crow, Esq.; and for the Mercantile Library Association of this city she next executed her famous "Beatrice Cenci," which has won many encomiums from art critics in Europe and America. (Vide fourth photograph.) In the summer of 1853 she modeled a charming statue of "Puck" (vide third photograph), the popularity of which has procured her orders for several copies, one of which is for the Prince of Wales, and another for the Duke of Hamilton. Pecuniary reverses having overtaken her father, she determined to rely entirely upon her art for support, and is now permanently established among the professional sculptors at Rome, where, with the exception of a single visit to America in 1857, she has continued to reside.

Among her more recent works are a full length reclining figure of a young girl, for a funeral monument in the church of Saint Andrea della Fratti, in Rome; a fountain with figures



MISS H. HOSMER.

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illustrating the myth of Hylas and the water-nymphs; and a "Will-o'-the-Wisp," designed as a pendant to "Puck." In the latter part of 1859 she finished a statue of "Zenobia in chains," as she appeared in the triumphal procession of Aurelian, a work on which she had labored enthusiastically for nearly two years, and the execution of which in marble so seriously impaired her health that her physician sent her to Switzerland to save her life. It is of colossal size, and has been pronounced by far the best of her works.

ŒNONE.

For a description of this work of art, we take the following from "A Guide to the Sculpture, Paintings and Coins," in the Mercantile Library Association:

"This, Miss Hosmer's earlier piece, is the property of Wayman Crow, Esq., to whose taste and liberality this institution owes many important donations. The story of the unhappy nymph whose despair makes the subject of this composition, is an episode in the tale of Troy; and is told by Apollodorus the mythologist, and Parthenius the Greek novelist. Its outlines are given by the London Art Journal, to which we shall again resort for a critical account of this second piece, for the authority of that journal is high in these matters.

"Œnone, a nymph of Mount Ida, was married to Paris the son of Priam king of Troy, before she knew of his royal origin. Being possessed of the gift of prophecy, she warned her husband against his contemplated visit to Greece—that visit which resulted in the Trojan war and the ruin of Troy by the Greeks—but, at the same time, told him to come to her, if wounded, as she alone could cure him. The prediction of Œnone was fulfilled, and Paris, wounded by the arrows of Philoctetes, hastened to Œnone for aid. Indignant at his abandonment of her for the beautiful Helen, Œnone refused to assist him, and Paris died. Then, too late, she repented of her cruelty, hung over his body, bathed it with her tears, and, at last, unable to bear the grief which weighed on her soul, she stabbed herself to the heart.

"The statue represents Œnone in deep and speechless grief at the death of Paris. The face is of rare and classic beauty, the drapery delicate and strikingly natural, and the position of the body—bending over a shepherd's crook on one hand, while the other hangs listlessly by her side—is expressive in the highest degree of the grief which the artist sought to embody."

We can more readily understand the poetry of the conception by reading the following beautiful lines of Tennyson, illustrating the grief of the nymph, and at the same time describing the manner in which the faithless Paris secured her affection:

ŒNONE.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling through the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O Caves,
That house the cold crowned snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God;
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gathered shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horned, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent called me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone: white breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Drooped from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a God's;

And his cheek brightened as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I looked
And listened, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.

"'My own Œnone,
Beautiful-browed Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind engraven
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus: whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire. Here comes to-day
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,

And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,
And overheard the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower through and through.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flowed a golden cloud, and leaned
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming through Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestioned, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sundered champaign clothed with corn,
Or labored mines, undrainable of ore.
Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-thronged beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on, and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbor crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest Gods, who have attained
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats

Above the thunder, with undying bliss,
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncalled for,) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed,
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbiased by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
To push thee forward through a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinewed with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled through all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'

" Here she ceased,
And Paris pondered, and I cried, 'O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

" O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

" Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh,
Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laughed: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I looked, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

" Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouched fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms

Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines.
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Fostered the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep through them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruined folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

"O mother hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Even on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Sealed it with kisses? watered it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,

There are enough unhappy on this earth;
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

PUCK.

VIDE THIRD PHOTOGRAPH.

This conception of Miss Hosmer's is probably that one which creates most admiration at first sight. The mischievous little fellow is represented sitting upon a toad-stool, and, as indicative of his belonging to the night, holds a beetle in his hand. The chameleon indicates the changeableness of his nature in varying vicissitudes, and the cockle-shell tells his roving character.

In the first act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he is made thus to explain his vocation:

"I am that merry wanderer of the night:
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl.
In very likeness of a roasted crab; *
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometimes for three foot-stool mistaketh me.
* * * * * * *
Then, then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe:,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never tasted there."

* A wild apple.

Hood, in his "Plea of the Midsummer Faries," thus describes the little elf:

"But Puck was seated on a spider's thread
That hung between two branches of a brier,
And 'gan to swing and gambol heels o'er head,
Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,
For him no present grief could long inspire."

* * * * *

"Here, in my dream, it made me fret to see
How Puck, the antic, all this dreary while
Had blithly jested with calamity,
With mistimed mirth, mocking the doleful style
Of his sad comrades, till it raised my bile:
To see him so reflect their grief aside,
Turning their solemn looks to half a smile."

Charles Lamb, in his tales from Shakspeare, has also pictured the supposed characteristics of Puck; and the German Fairy Legends abound in conceptions, all bearing more or less similitude to the little jester of Shakspeare.

BEATRICE CENCI.

VIDE FOURTH PHOTOGRAPH.

This statue is life-size, and wrought in Italian marble. The London *Art Journal* thus speaks of the production:

"The story of Beatrice Cenci, will be found, we believe, in Sismondi's 'History of the Italian Republics;' her history was most unhappy; condemned to an ignominious death, she yet entertained hopes of a pardon, 'and when the priest went in to announce to her that she was to die in the morning, he found her peacefully and calmly asleep in her miserable cell.' It is thus that Miss Hosmer has represented the unfortunate prisoner, treating the subject, however, with the license permitted to the art of sculpture as regards the drapery and accessories.

"The figure lies in a graceful and strictly natural attitude of repose; the head rests on the right arm, the left falls easily over a raised block of stone, and in the hand is a rosary, which the fingers in a state of inaction refuse to grasp. The right leg is half drawn up under the extended left, an arrangement which has enabled the sculptor to vary the lines of the drapery with much skill and agreeable effect, without disturbing the general harmony, or destroying the least indication of the forms of this portion of the figure; this is to our eye the most sculpturesque and beautiful passages in the whole work."

ON MISS HOSMER'S STATUE OF THE "CENCI."

BY MISS ETTA MACK.

I.

Wrought at Rome by foreign fingers;
What a tale from long told years!
On a sudden through time's silence,
Calls to us for our tears.

II.

In the Barberini palace,
Where her eyes look sadly down,
While from sadder lips beneath them
Ever comes a silent moan,

III.

An Italian beauty oft-times
Will, in passing gaily by,
Chide her red lips wonted smiling,
By a gently pitying sigh.

IV.

Strangers in the "Seven-Hilled City,"
Looking at what once has been,
Stop and say, in self-communion,
"'T is the saddest thing we 've seen."

V.

Thanks to her, whose pitying patience
Wrought this wonder out of clay!
Sent it from the place she suffered,
Where *we* see it day by day.

VI.

Why, O world! in doing justice,
Do you always move so slow?
Can your crying *now* for pity
Stay the deed done long ago?

VII.

Can the sleep the marble gives her,
Rest her from her life's turmoil?
Can we do a *present* duty
By to-morrow's added toil?

VIII.

Here she lies, fresh from the torture.
See, she must have tried to pray!
Kneeling, (as her wont was nightly,)
'Till her wasted strength gave way.

IX.

Faint, more faintly move her white lips,
She has half her beads to tell;
But, the "willing spirit 's" conquered,
And you see her, as she fell!

X.

All the suffering lines are softened,
By exhaustion's deathlike sleep:
And her tortured limbs are resting
From their anguish:—why you weep!

XI.

Yes, I said so! There are many
Weeping tears for what *has* been:
It *is sad*, but things *as* sad are
Being done by *living* men.

XII.

Leave this crying for what has been,
 Fall to working for what is;
All the wrinkles in this rough world,
 Are not smoothed out as it is.

XIII.

Where 's the use so long lamenting,
 On her page, so *old* a spot?
There are *present* wrongs for righting,
 Let the old ones be forgot.

XIV.

Let us act as man and nation,
 That no *future* age's son
Lift up holy hands in horror,
 At the deeds that we have done!



C. F. WIMER.

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Painting.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CHARLES FERDINAND WIMER.

St. Louis has every cause to lay special claim and to be justly proud of the reputation of the young artist, a brief outline of whose life is here transcribed. Reared in this city, with a natural genius for painting, he has acquired a reputation in his peculiar style—the delineation of Indian scenery and characteristics—which has probably no equal. Since his death, the demand for his works is steadily increasing, and it requires no prophetic vision to foretell, that, as the fated red men become more and more scattered; when the aborigines of this country shall exist only in name; when the manners and customs of the Indian nations of North America are found only on the historic page, that the works of our artist will be the more highly prized as the truthful representations of those peculiar nations; their habits, modes of life and manner of warfare; their hunting grounds, and their development of feature and form, which even now are gradually passing into oblivion. That the reader may have some guarantee as to the correctness of this biographical sketch, it may be necessary to state that the items were received from the painter's mother, his wife, and his master in the fine arts in this city.

Charles Ferdinand Wimer was born in the vicinity of Bonn, in Germany, on the 20th day of February, 1829. At the early age of three years, his parents discovered in him the indications of that remarkable talent, the cultivation of which has

rendered him the subject of this memoir. As soon as he was able to understand the use of a slate, he began to draw figures, and even to attempt the scenery of the surrounding country. These, though necessarily of a rude character, for a child of his age, attracted universal attention. He was sent to a neighboring school, and there, to the neglect of his other studies, continued to astonish his comrades and his master, not only by his drawing, but for the devotion and perseverance which he exhibited in all matters relating to painting and drawing. At ten years of age, he made frequent attempts at water-color, and was in the habit of preserving the commonest prints, that, at his leisure, he might enlarge, and color them to his fancy. When he arrived at the age of fifteen, his parents emigrated to this country, located themselves in this city, and his father opened a public house, with a garden attached, known as St. Louis Park, the centre of which is now the site of the First Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Lucas Place and Fourteenth street.

At this time, a well-known artist, Mr. Pomarede, whose works are familiar to the inhabitants of St. Louis, occupied a studio at the corner of Second and Olive streets, and there, while employed with his brush, he observed a lad who, daily appearing at his door, would stand for hours, intently gazing upon the pictures and the manipulations of the artist. The presence of the boy, his regular attendance, the protractedness of his stay, and the eagerness with which he minutely watched all that passed in the studio, attracted the attention of Mr. Pomarede, who finally bade him enter his domain, and examine the paintings, models and other indispensible requisites therein contained. It was but a short time before the native-born genius of the young artist so forced itself upon the notice of Mr. Pomarede, that he inquired his name and his residence, visited the parents of young Wimer, learned from them the peculiar talent which the boy had ever exhibited, and lost no time in engaging him as his pupil. The consent of his

father being given, Wimer at once entered upon his studies; and his remarkable application, together with his discrimination in color, and his taste in the selection of his studies, surprised even the master himself, and began, in a short period, to bring the student into notice. For four years, he remained in the capacity we have mentioned, gaining the love of his preceptor, and astonishing every one by the rapid proficiency he attained.

But his peculiar forte, the faithful portraiture of Indian life, habits and characteristics, was developed from the following to him, unforseen circumstances. In the year 1849, Mr. Pomarede conceived the idea of painting a panorama of the Mississippi River, and for the purpose of sketching the scenery on the banks of the noble stream, he went to the beautiful Falls of St. Anthony, and journeying slowly down to the mouth of the Ohio, he made those faithful representations of western scenery which created, from their truthfulness, the admiration of all who viewed them. In this excursion Wimer accompanied him, and as the scenes and peculiarities of Indian life dawned upon his mind, he transferred them with such matchless skill to the canvass, that Pomarede himself immediately advised him to adopt that peculiar style of art and to follow it exclusively, as through it he might achieve a reputation that, in years to come when the Indians would be a "race clean gone," would increase to a peculiar brightness, not only in this country but on the continent. To perfect himself, however, in style, it was absolutely necessary he should study the great masters, and for the accomplishment of this end he was recommended by his preceptor to make an European tour; to study at Dusseldorf, and to return by Paris, there to receive the instruction of Ary Scheffer. These suggestions were immediately acted upon, and as soon as the necessary preparations could be made he visited the continent, and after having considerably traveled, settled at Dusseldorf, where he remained for nearly five years, constantly at work, and daily correcting the imperfections in his style. His master in this city was Luetze.

It appears that even while so far away from those scenes, which had created such a vivid impression upon his mind, that his keen perception and remembrance of them forced themselves upon his canvass, for during his stay in the great city of art, he finished one of his best productions ; it represents an emigrant train on the prairie attacked by the Indians. The picture is a beautiful one. The American sky, the warmth of the atmosphere, the waving prairie grass, are true to the very letter; the stockade, which has been improvised with the wagon and tent covers, stands boldly in the fore ground, defended from the assailants by both young and old, male and female, who are depicted in those picturesque attitudes which danger, courage and determination always engenders in the human form. Around, both far and near, are seen on horseback the dusky Indians in their wild attitudes of cunning and bravery, while their arrows are seen flying through the air, buried in the defense which has been erected, or in the soil of the surrounding prairie.

This painting, after creating considerable sensation in Europe, was brought to this Country and sold at Boston for a high price to the late Governor Gamble. It was also during this visit to Europe that he rendered the same subject in a somewhat different style—a copy of this production will be seen in the photograph. Wimer also painted while at Dusseldorf, a series of four pictures illustrating the abduction by the Indians of the daughter of Daniel Boone, the western pioneer. These were purchased by the late John A. Brownlee of this city, and are now in the possession of his widow.

After having, in the manner so briefly described, perfected himself on the continent, Wimer returned to America and to St. Louis, and during two successive summers made long tours in the Indian country sketching, painting portraits of their chiefs, and making a collection of their implements, dresses, and other Indian accessories, many of which are now in the possession of his wife.



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A letter describing one of these journeys, written by Wimer himself to the Dusseldorf Journal, is so well worthy of perusal that its translation is here inserted :

"WIMER'S TRAVELS AMONG THE INDIANS.

"During the month of May I commenced my tour to the Indian country, accompanied by the United States Indian Agent, Col. Vaughan, but was informed when we arrived at Sioux City, that I had chosen rather a dangerous companion, as considerable hostility existed between that officer of the Government and many of the most warlike tribes. Taking this matter well into consideration, and after consultation with my traveling companion, Capt. Blandowsky, (who fought in the Hungarian revolution,) it was considered as better policy to join ourselves to the American Fur Company, who were in better odor among the nations. This we accordingly did, but were not as much benefitted by the change as we anticipated, for the agent still pressed himself upon us.

The Indians, whom we first encountered, were the Janktonnes, who were encamped about three hundred strong, on the Missouri river. The spectacle presented by them was very imposing, and as we neared them they came to the shore and paraded before us, dressed in the most gaudy style, but were seized with the utmost panic when our steam organ (Calliope) began its music, and only after its melodies had died away in the distance, did they appear to become quiet. You may rest assured that I lost no time in arranging my photographic apparatus, and was enabled in the short space allowed me to take several groups. Their chiefs then came aboard and formed a council to treat with the agent. The debate, however, was quite protracted and stormy, and ended in the refusal of the tribe to accept the usual annual presents proffered them by the Government. We were rejoiced to depart without serious misfortune, for we feared much trouble; the agent also participating in our surmises to such a degree, and

being aware of the fact that the Indians higher up the river were still more savage and uncompromising than those we had just visited, thought it advisable at Fort Randell to take on board a company of soldiers for our protection.

At this point, which is about one hundred and thirty miles above St. Louis, the Ponkas and Brulees came aboard, and accepted their presents quietly, on account of the presence of the soldiers, (long knives.)

At the next stopping point we encountered the Iancton Indians, numbering about three hundred men, who were all thrown into a high degree of excitement by the appearance of the soldiers, and it was only after long persuasion that they were prevailed upon to accept the donation from the United States agent. Although the whole of the tribe, dressed in their best habiliments, were encamped upon the shore, I was only enabled to secure the portrait of one chief, for so soon as the camera was planted in a position to secure any appropriate group, the whole of them fled into the surrounding country. Of this chief, however, I obtained quite an excellent likeness.

The next station of any import was Fort Pierre, where we found several hundred warriors of the Sioux, with their women and children; we were, however, unable to land at this point, on account of the low stage of water, we therefore ascended one mile higher up the stream, followed by the Indians in procession. The chiefs formed themselves in a circle on the shore opposite the boat, their women and children being arranged behind them. After some deliberation the greater of their warriors came aboard to confer with the agent, but (as the tribes who had visited us lower down,) complained of the military, as thereby their suspicious natures were aroused. Of these savages I obtained as many portraits as possible, unseen to them, and also was enabled to catch several groups; of these latter, however, the figures are rather too small on account of the distance at which I was obliged to stand while taking them. During these stoppages my extra time was occupied in trading,

and as before starting on my journey I had supplied myself with many little notions for this purpose, I was enabled to procure a variety of curiosities, costumes, arms and accoutrements. In the afternoon we continued our course, and on the second day thereafter we were spoken by some Indians, and according to the duty of the Agent were obliged to land. We had scarcely reached the shore when some three hundred savages galloped towards us in a furious manner, until they were within about one hundred paces of our party when they suddenly came to a halt and fired their flint-locks over our heads. You may imagine our fright when we heard the whistling balls passing over us, but we were informed that such proceedings were intended as a sign of friendship. Some of their pieces had been aimed so low that their bullets took effect on the wheel-house of our steamer. The Indians then descended from their highly caparisoned horses and there was a great council formed on the prairie. The appearance of these warriors was so savage that I was actually afraid to attempt the drawing of any of them and therefore I bethought me of traffic. Among other things, I had in my pocket a double looking glass, one side of which magnified very largely; this I offered to an Indian for his bow and arrows. He took the glass to examine it and when he saw his much enlarged head, he in terror threw it from him and fled from me in such a state of wild excitement that I, myself, was fearful lest some danger might result from the exhibition I had made. I therefore put away the glass without more delay, but was in a very short time surrounded by the whole tribe, all desiring a view at the wonderful apparatus in my pocket. I again brought it forth and first exhibited to them the unmagnifying portion of the mirror, then, without their knowledge, suddenly turned it with a like effect as before, they all being much alarmed. Finally, however, one of the savages consented to give me for it in exchange a handsome bow and a quiver full of arrows. I made haste to return with my booty as quickly as possible to the boat, as I believe they supposed me a sorcerer,

and the lives of such are in danger. When I arrived on board it was not long before I discovered that these honorable children of nature had emptied my pockets of all their contents.

"Our next destination was Fort Clarke. We arrived about seven miles therefrom in the evening, and could, had it been desirable, have reached the station that night, but were deterred on account of the notorious thieving propensities of the Arricarres, who occupy this vicinity. Even at this distance from the Fort the Captain preferred to anchor a short space from the shore. This precaution, however, was not of much avail, as we had been observed by some of their spies, and a short time after midnight the Indians surrounded our craft with their boats made of buffalo hides, and it was actually necessary to have most vigilant sentinels on our guards to prevent us from being robbed. This tribe is known to be very desperate, and we found them so. They became very much incensed at our Agent and fired at him once or twice with their muskets, the ball from one of which slightly wounded him in the foot. The appearance of the mititary had produced such excitement that I could only procure two daguerreotypes, from which I painted, without their knowledge, two portraits of their chiefs. After we had remained a short time the Indians appeared to become more quiet and Mr. Wikram, Captain Blandowsky and myself, well armed, set out for a walk through the village. Scarely had we arrived there when a number of squaws surrounded us and exhibited so many signs of their attachment to us that for the time we were quite overpowered. Fortunately I had but trifles about my person, for, as the crowd became more dense, I felt their hands in all my pockets. It was a great relief when a party of our men followed and delivered us, else we would, from *pure love*, have been rifled of every thing we possessed.

"In the afternoon of the same day we left this tribe and arrived a few hours after our departure at the village of the Mandams, a tribe which has been decimated by the most virulent small pox. These Indians live in huts constructed of mud or clay, and their

warriors in all, amount to but sixty-four. Though small in number they are regarded as the bravest of the tribes. We only remained here half an hour and then continued our journey, arriving next morning at Fort Berthold, where we found the Grossvanties (big bellies). They live also in mud huts after the manner of the Mandams. I was cautioned by one of our trappers not to endeavor to take a photograph of any of this tribe on account of their superstitious ideas, but the groups were so very picturesque that I could not refrain, and essayed therefore a trial. Unfortunately I was unable to hide myself from their keen vigilance, for one of the chiefs watched my proceedings and uttered a few words to his people which had the effect of dispersing them immediately, nor would they again reassemble until the photographic apparatus had been put aside. Our Captain, who understood the Indian language, endeavored to explain to them the nature of my proceedings, after which I made a second attempt, but so soon as I had planted the camera they became so incensed that they aimed their arrows at my person, which you may imagine caused me to immediatety desist from further effort. I was informed afterwards that it was the belief of these Indians, that had I secured their portraits they would have perished with the small pox. In order to obtain any pictures I was obliged to stand behind a curtain in which a small opening was made through which the focus of the camera was allowed to protrude.

"It was so arranged that we always continued our journey during the night when we were in the Indian country; therefore leaving the last mentioned tribe at noon we arrived four days later at Fort Union, which is seven miles above the mouth of the Yellow Stone. We were now 2,500 miles from St. Louis, which we had traveled in about thirty-one days. Here we were visited by several bands of the Assinaboines, who regularly receive an annual present from the Government. Our boat then visited the site of a new Fort some eighty miles higher up, and then commenced the return trip. My companions and myself

remained for a short time at Fort Union, making the necessary preparations for a journey farther up the Yellow Stone. Navigation is here impossible by steamboat and we were obliged to build special craft, which were drawn along by men. You may easily imagine the labor that we were compelled to undergo when I inform you that it was often necessary for us all to exert ourselves together to move the boats, the whole shore being so thickly covered with underwood and brushwood that it is almost impassible for men, much less so for horses; at the same time to add to our inconvenience it was very cold and very rainy. There were fifty-three men in our little band, and we had in our keeping, besides our own necessary outfit, the goods of the Fur Company and those of the agent designed for Fort Sarpie, which lies about 300 miles up the Yellow Stone. This distance we accomplished in about sixty days. During this time our principal food consisted of buffalo meat, and we consumed during the period about sixty-four of these animals. Each of the party cut from the carcass that portion of the meat which best suited his palate and prepared it for his own use. We cooked without seasoning and nothing could have been more palatable than this food.

"Notwithstanding all the hardships which we endured, this was decidedly the most interesting portion of our travels, especially the hunting. I had the good fortune on one occasion to kill a large bear, of which I brought home a huge paw as a trophy and memento.

"Herds of buffalo frequently swam the river in front of our boat, crossing often so near that many times we entertained great fears for her safety. We killed, often, many of these animals and generally selected for food the female, leaving the others to the wolves, who followed our track in great numbers and prevented, many times, our sleep by their prolonged and monotonous howlings. During the night we had a regular watch to alarm us in case of danger from the Indians, and lighted



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large fires around our camp to scare away the bears and the wolves which were ever on the scent.

"I could write you several letters giving our excursions more in detail, but I expect soon to see you personally when I shall have much to interest you."

"Near Fort Sarpie we found a very powerful tribe of the Crow Indians; these we visited, remained with them a short time and then returned down the river in a boat constructed from buffalo hides, to Fort Union, where we took our oar-boat and descended still lower. As there were but eight of us in the return party we had to take our regular duty at the oars, often traveling only at night, and accomplishing the journey in forty-two days.

"I finally arrived safely in St. Louis after an absence of nearly six months in the Indian country."

This is the interesting sketch of one of the excursions we have alluded to, and must have afforded Mr. Wimer abundant opportunity for the study and delineation of those Indian characters which has so celebrated his name.

During this tour he made many drawings which he afterwards rendered into his most celebrated paintings. Among these are the "Buffalo Hunt," now in the possession of Dr. Vansant; another of the same subject, owned by Henry T. Blow, Esq.; "The War Trail," and "The Buffalo Dance," belonging to Mr. Wm. Lucas. "The Mouth of the Yellow Stone," and many others which are scattered throughout the country.

Besides the delineation of Indian forms, Mr. Wimer possessed a most remarkable faculty of life-like representation of the Buffalo, (vide photograph.) These are so life-like as to call forth the admiration of all who have had opportunity of observing the animal in its native state and on its native soil, which fact will be but another round in the ladder of eminence in days to come.

On the 7th of March, 1861, Mr. Wimer married Miss Anna Von Senden, and the union was blessed by a girl, whom the

artist immediately named *Wenona;* could there be a stronger evidence of the peculiar path in which his genius led him than the simple announcement of such a fact? Shortly before his marriage a cough, which for some time past had been but a subject of annoyance, began to give evidence of serious pulmonary disorder, but still the painter worked on, he being then engaged in painting the historical pictures in the Dome of the Court House of St. Louis. His wife relates, with tears in her eyes, that he would frequently remark, when after a day of severe labor of both body and mind, he would return home to pass a wretched night with constant cough and debilitating perspiration, that "the Dome of the Court House and himself would be finished together."

His words were but too true. He died of consumption shortly after its completion, on the 28th day of November, 1863, at the age of thirty-four years and nine months.

To the Eagle.

PERCIVAL.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
 Thy home is high in heav'n,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
 And the tempests clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
 Thy fields the boundless air;
And hoary peaks that proudly prop
 The skies, thy dwelling are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light
 Amid the noon-tide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright;
 It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions to the rushing blast,
 O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
 Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art pearch'd aloft on the beetling crag,
 And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
 They rush in an endless flow.

Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,
To lands beyond the sea;
And away, like a spirit, wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind.
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert thro' an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power;
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame
And piled with the mingled dead.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave.
And together lay in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark mysterious sea;
To the lands that caught the setting light—
The cradle of Liberty!
There on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watch'd alone;
And the world in its darkness asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

"But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheel'd around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heav'n, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

"And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory!"

Art of Printing.

Printing (Lat. *imprimo*, to stamp or imprint, from *in*, upon, and *premo*, to press), the taking impressions from types or engraved plates, for the purpose of multiplying at a cheap rate reversed copies of the designs they present; including also in a general sense the preliminary processes of composing and preparing types for impression or for casting plates. In its simplest forms the art has been practised by different nations from remote antiquity. The bricks from the ruins of Egypt and of Assyria are impressed with characters stamped in the clay. Seals and signets were used by the Israelites, and in later periods the Romans used stamps for producing inscriptions, as the name of the maker or vender, upon various articles of merchandise, and brands for marking cattle with the letters of the owner's name. Some of the Roman inscriptions still in existence appear like rude printing. It has been supposed that a passage in Cicero *De Natura Deorum* giving directions respecting types made of metal, and called by him *formæ literarum* (the very name afterward applied to types by their inventors), may have suggested the idea of them. And it is not a little remarkable, considering the immense importance of the art of printing, and the labor and expense incurred by the ancients in copying books by pen, that they should have approached so near the invention of movable types without these being finally brought into use until the 15th century. Among

eastern nations, as the Chinese, Japanese, and Tartars, the printing of books from engraved blocks had indeed been practised from the most remote periods; a process which is not yet abandoned by the races named for movable type printing. Their method is to paste the page, prepared by the pen on tracing paper, face down upon a block of hard wood. The engraver then cuts away the portions of the wood and paper not covered with the characters, leaving these in relief. The printer, with two fine soft brushes in the right hand, blackens the whole surface of the block with the ink in one, and laying on the paper smooths it gently down with the other, which is dry, and thus obtains an impression from the raised parts alone. Each impression consists of two pages, divided by a line down the middle; on this line they are folded back to back and fastened together, so as to include the single edges in the binding and leave the folded edge in front. This block printing was practised in Germany for producing playing cards and illustrations for manuscript works early in the 15th century, before movable types were invented. In their use it is not unreasonable to suppose that the idea was suggested of dividing them into parts and employing these in such combinations as might be convenient; and that the division might thus be extended to single types. The time and place of the invention of these are not known with certainty. The city of Haarlem in Holland claims that Laurens Janszoon Coster there invented the art of printing in 1423, making use of movable types of wood and afterward of lead and tin; but no printed works of his can be identified. The claims of Johannes Gutenberg to this invention are more generally recognized. He without question was occupied in various experimental researches of a secret nature in Strasbourg, and possessed in 1438 printing materials, a press, and as it appears movable types. No book, however, was brought out by their use until after Gutenberg had returned (which was about 1450) to his native city of Mentz. Here he associated himself with a wealthy citizen,

Johann Faust, who, on learning the secrets of the art, entered into partnership with Gutenberg, and agreed to furnish funds for developing the process. They employed to assist them Peter Schoffer, a scribe whose previous occupation had been the copying of books, and who appears to have been a man of taste and genius, and well fitted to bring a new process of this sort favorably before the public. He has the credit of substituting metallic types cast in plaster moulds in the place of those which Gutenberg had previously made by carving pieces of wood and metal, and of still further perfecting the art by the invention of punches in hard metal, by the use of which sharpness of outline could be given to the matrices in which the types were cast, and perfect uniformity be retained in the type by continuing to use the same punches for producing as many matrices as might be required. These inventors succeeded in printing a considerable number of books, the first of which known to have been printed with movable types were three editions of Donatus. The first work with a date (1455) was the *Litteræ Indulgentiæ Nicolai V. Pont. Max.*, which was complete in a single page. In the year 1462, by reason of the capture of the city of Mentz by Count Adolphus of Nassau, the printing operations carried on there were checked, and the printers were dispersed into other states. The fame of their work had preceded them, and new enterprises were rapidly undertaken in other cities. Printing presses were in operation at Subiaco near Rome in 1465, and the types employed were more like those now called Roman than like the Gothic forms of the Germans, which with the characters imitating handwriting had up to this time alone been used. In 1469 printing was introduced into Milan and Venice; and the productions of the presses of John de Spira and Christopher Valdarfar of the latter city attained great fame for their perfection and beauty. The devices with which these early publications were adorned were often artistic production of themselves giving an interest and value to the works. As copies of the early editions became

scarce, they were more and more prized, and in some instances have been sold for extraordinary sums. The highest price ever paid for any printed work was for the only perfect copy known to exist of Valdarfar's first edition of Boccaccio's *Decamerone* of 1471. It was sold at auction in London, June, 1811, and bid off by the Marquis of Blandford for £2,260, Lord Spencer competing for the prize up to £2,250. Printing was introduced into Paris in 1470, and into London in 1474. (See CAXTON, WILLIAM.) Before the year 1500, it is stated, printing presses had been set up in 220 places in Europe, and a multitude of editions of the classical writers in their appropriate Greek and Latin characters were given to the world. A Greek grammar, wholly in Greek types, was printed in Milan in 1476, and the first work wholly in Roman type was Cicero's *Epistolæ Familiares*, printed at Rome in 1467. A Hebrew Bible was printed at Soncino in the duchy of Milan in 1488. Italic type was invented about the year 1500, by Aldus Manutius of Venice. In the United States the first printing press was introduced at Cambridge, Mass. in 1639. (See CAMBRIDGE, vol. iv. p. 293.) Of the apparatus employed by the earliest printers the devices on the title pages of the works of Badius Ascensius of Lyons (1495–1535) serve to convey some idea. The presses were simple contrivances capable of printing only four pages at a time, and that at two pulls: but such as they were, they continued in use with little improvement into the 17th century. The ink at first employed was apparently brown umber well ground and thin. The earliest copies of the *Speculum* and *Biblia Pauperum* were printed with it; and the effect is said to have been better than that of black ink in its harmony with the colors of the adornments. The black and red inks were of excellent character, unsurpassed by those now in use. The black was of a deep rich color, and so continues in the old books till the present time, and the paper near it is not in the slightest degree tarnished by it. It was applied to the types by balls of skin stuffed with wool, a method not

entirely out of use in the 19th century. The inks were ground upon a stone slab with a muller, and from this slab were taken up by the balls, which were dabbed down upon them for the purpose. Cases for the type were similar to those now used. The typography in most respects was rudely executed, and somewhat obscure from the words running into one another, from defective punctuation, and numerous abbreviations. Blank spaces were left for initial letters, which were afterward filled in by those whose employment had been to illuminate the old manuscripts, a style of work which could not be imitated by types. Numerous other ornaments in brilliant colors were introduced by the illuminators, and the margins of the pages were often covered with figures of saints, birds, flowers, monsters, &c., which had not necessarily any relation to the subjects treated in the text. The types were of uniform character throughout, usually Gothic letters. The date and name of the printer were commonly omitted, but sometimes appeared at the end of the book. Editions were small, 200 or 300 being considered a large impression. The manufacture of type, properly a distinct branch from printing, was not so regarded at first, and the printers commonly prepared their own type. Still the types used in different countries sometimes betray a common origin; for example, those used by Caxton at one time in England were evidently of the same character with the types of John Brito of Bruges and of John Valdener of Utrecht. Many were furnished to printers by Ulrich Zell, the father of the Cologne press, and by Wynkin de Worde, Caxton's successor. Type founding was expressly declared to be a distinct art from that of the printer by a decree of the star chamber in 1637, and four founders were appointed to supply all the printers in Great Britain with type. At this time the mechanical execution of printed works had greatly deteriorated. The artistic designs and ornaments of the old illuminators had gone out of use, and the typography which succeeded was of very inferior character. Such continued to be the case during the

17th century. One of the first who devoted himself to its improvement was John Baskerville, a japanner of Birmingham. About the year 1750 he engaged in cutting punches for type, and produced these of such excellent proportions, that subsequent improvements have done little more than to increase the delicacy of the lines, and add to the variety of forms.

The largest size of type for books is called great primer, and is seen in the largest old Bibles; it is now seldom used. English, which is the next lower size, is seen in church Bibles, in folios, and some quartos. Pica, small pica, long primer and bourgeois [the last named is the type employed in this volume] are the sizes most in use. The succeeding varieties are brevier, minion, nonpareil, agate or ruby, pearl, diamond, and brilliant, the last being very rare, and the smallest type used in books. In the following list the different sizes are exhibited, each with its own name:

Great Primer	Miss. Valley Sanitary Fair.
English.	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Pica,	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Small Pica,	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Long Primer.	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Bourgeois,	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Brevier.	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair
Minion.	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Nonpareil,	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Agate,	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Diamond.	Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair

For handbills or posters special types are employed of extra large sizes. A complete assortment of one size is called a font or fount, and the "sorts" that make up an ordinary font of Roman type are as follows: 3 complete alphabets in capitals, small capitals, and small or "lower case" letters, making 78 characters; the double letters ff, fi, fl, ffi, ffl (each cast in a sin-

gle piece on account of the kern or bend of the f not permitting it to stand separately against another f, an i, or an l), 5; the diphthongs Æ, Œ, æ, œ, ᵃ, ᵉ, 6; figures, 10; marks of punctuation, 6; the apostrophe, hyphen, parenthesis, and bracket, 4; 4 sizes of dashes, and braces in 5 pieces, 9; the characters &, $, £, ☞, 4; and the references *, †, ‡, §, ‖, ¶, 6; total characters, 128. Beside these, there are required for filling the blanks between the words, at the ends of lines, &c., 4 sizes of spaces and 4 of quadrats (the former and the smallest of the latter being subdivisions of the em [m] or square of the size of the type, one equal to it, and the other two multiples of it), making altogether 137 sorts. There are many other characters only required for special occasions, as astronomical and mathematical signs. An ordinary font of Italics comprises 60 characters, viz: 2 alphabets in capitals and small letters, capital and small dipthongs, colon, semicolon, interrogation and exclamation points; to which are to be added accents, &c. Italic small capitals are also sometimes made. The proportions of the principal pieces in a Roman font of 800 lbs. of pica (comprising altogether about 150,000 pieces) are as as follows: Capitals, from 300 to 600 of each, excepting Q and X, 180 each, and Z, 80. Small capitals range one-half as many of each letter as the capitals.

a	8,500	f	2,517	p	1,750	y	2,000
e	12,000	g	1,700	q	500	z	260
i	8,000	h	6,400	r	6,200	,	4,500
o	8,000	j	400	s	8,000	:	800
u	3,400	k	800	t	9,000	;	600
b	1,600	l	4,000	v	1,200	.	2,000
c	3,000	m	3,000	w	2,000		
d	4,400	n	8,000	x	400		
Thick spaces			18,000	Thin spaces			8,000
Middle spaces			12,000	Hair spaces			3,000

To place all these pieces within convenient reach of the type setter or compositor, they are distributed in the "boxes" or cells of two open cases, which are arranged sloping forward, one behind and above the other, and forming with it an obtuse angle, on a frame the top of which they cover, at a convenient

height for the workman, who stands in front. In the upper case, with boxes all of one size, and like the lower case in two equal divisions, are the capitals, the large ones on the left and the small ones on the right (an arrangement which is sometimes advantageously reversed), with references, braces, dashes, &c., in the top rows. The lower case contains boxes of a variety of sizes severally adapted to the quantities of type required of each letter, the central boxes most convenient to the printer's hand being the largest and containing the letters most used. The spaces, quadrats, points, and figures also have boxes in this case. The Italics are in other cases, sometimes set as drawers in the lower part of the frame. An improved form of case has been patented by Mr. Thomas N. Rooker, of New York, designed to lessen the movements of the hand of the compositor by bringing the boxes into a more limited space. A single case is employed instead of two, and the small boxes for the capitals are placed immediately adjoining those of the corresponding small letters. Another form patented by him occupies little more than half the space of the ordinary case, saving the compositor long reaches for the various sorts, and greatly increasing the amount of work he can do. The boxes are made with movable bottoms, readily raised and lowered by a screw; thus, though small, they can be made to hold type enough for a week's work, and are in effect always full until exhausted. The case for music type is similar in form to the ordinary case. The difference consists simply in the subdivision of the larger boxes, required by the greater number of music signs. The various fonts of music type, named from the size of the letter, are minion, minionette, nonpareil, agate, pearl, diamond, and excelsior. These differ slightly in the number of characters in a font, but usually contain over 200 separate signs. The lower case is occupied with the white and black notes, the lines (varying in size from an en to four ems), the angles, groupings, rests, bars, &c.; and the upper case contains the characters less frequently used. A portion of the

upper case is also occupied with miniature notes, groupings, &c., corresponding to the large characters. In setting type the compositor, having the copy or manuscript laid before him, on the upper case, and holding in his left hand the composing stick (a little iron tray capable of holding ten or more lines according to the size of the type, and adjusted by a slide to the exact length of the line), sets the first type in the left hand corner of the stick against a flat thin strip of brass or steel, called the composing or setting rule. He looks only to see that the type comes from the right box, and seizes it in such a way as to bring the nick or notch, which is made on the side of every type corresponding to the bottom of the letter, from him as he places it in the stick, the reverse of the arrangement of the letter when printed. The succeeding letters rapidly follow, and at the end of each word he sets a space. On reaching the end of the line he rearranges the spaces, so as to make it exactly full, and secure a uniform separation of the words; this process is called justification, and to do it accurately and rapidly without repeated trials is an important qualification of a good compositor. The line being finished, the composing rule is taken out and slipped in front, and the new line is commenced. The lines are thus brought close together, and the printing is designated solid. If it is desired to have them open, a slip of type metal, just the length of the line and the height of the spaces, termed a lead, is introduced between each, and for very open printing thicker leads or two or more of them are used. The printing is then designated leaded or thick-leaded. When the composing stick is nearly filled, the rule is brought in front of the last line, and the whole is slipped off upon a larger tray called a galley. In doing this some skill is required to prevent the types falling apart, or, as it is called, being thrown into pi. On the galleys the types are made up into pages. At the bottom of the first page is set a type indicating by the figure 1 or letter A the first sheet or "signature," and upon the 9th page for a quarto, or 17th for an octavo, commencing another sheet,

is set the figure 2 or letter B, and so on: thus designating, for convenience in gathering, folding, and binding, the order of the sheets: this figure or letter always appearing on the outside of the sheet when it is folded into pages. The pages as they are removed from the galleys, secured by twine bound around the types, are imposed, *i. e.*, set in the order for printing, upon a marble or iron slab called the imposing stone—four pages together for a folio, eight for a quarto, sixteen for an octavo, twenty-four for a duodecimo, &c., (before the introduction of the steam press, half these numbers, as indicated by the designations). The impression of these pages are to be taken together upon one side of the sheet of paper.

A strong iron frame called a chase (Fr. *chasse*, a case, or *chassis*, a frame,) with cross bars dividing it into quarters, is then placed down so as to enclose the pages, which are secured in their proper positions by what is termed furniture, consisting of strips of wood or metal lower than the types. One tapering strip is placed along the outer side and one along the bottom of each quarter, called side and foot sticks, and by small blocks called quoins, (Fr. *coin*, a wedge) driven with a mallet and "shooting stick," (a tapering piece of very hard wood or iron) between these and the chase the pages are firmly held in their place. This is called locking, and the whole is a "form." For newspapers and other publications on large single sheets the forms are used in pairs, one for each side of the sheet, that having the first page being called the outer, and the other the inner: but in nearly all book work each form is now made complete in itself, called a half sheet imposition, and the sheets of paper, when the whole edition has been printed on one side, are turned end for end, and printed on the other from the same type, and afterward cut in two. The arrangement of the pages for a quarto may be seen by spreading out one of the double newspapers of the day of 8 pages. One side, it will be observed, comprises the 1st, 8th, 4th, and 5th pages, belonging to the outer form, and the other side the remaining pages. As the number

of pages to a form increases in octavos, duodecimos, &c. (sometimes, for miniature volumes, as many as 128), the arrangement becomes more complicated. A first proof is taken from the types commonly before they are made into pages; for which purpose they are temporarily secured on the galley, and being inked, a sheet of paper is laid on and pressed down by a hand roller. This proof is examined by the proof reader, and the errors being marked, the compositor picks out the types that are to be removed and inserts others as required. After being made up into pages other proofs are taken to be read by the author or other readers, and the corrections are introduced by unlocking, *i. e.*, loosening the quoins, so that some types may be taken out and others set in. It is obvious that the work of the compositor may be greatly increased by inattention on the part of the corrector to substituting the same quantity of matter for that removed. To take out or add a portion of a line may involve the respacing of many lines, and a more considerable change in the quantity may require a new adjustment of all the succeeding pages that are made up. The basis on which compositors in American printing offices are paid for their work is the estimated number of "ems" or squares (comprising about 2 letters each) he has set, the price being so much per thousand. In this estimate, in book work, so many lines are allowed for a page as the types would make in solid printing, including the heading over the top and the line of quadrats at the bottom, and these are multiplied by the number of ems in a line; then the number of pages being given, the whole amount is readily determined. Blank spaces in the page are paid for as full. Tables and extra work occasioned by words in foreign languages and other unusual styles of printing, involve extra pay. In newspaper and job work the amount of composition is found by multiplying the whole number of lines set, measured by a guage on the type or a proof, by the number of ems in a line. In English printing offices the reckoning is by letters or ens(n), making the thousand one

half that of American printers. The time of the compositor is divided between the composing or setting, which takes about two-thirds of it, and making up and imposing (which however in American offices are now usually made a separate branch of work), correcting and distributing. The types after the copies required have been struck off, are washed in the forms with lye and rinsed with water till the latter runs off clear. They are then as required returned to their boxes, for which purpose the compositor wets them with a sponge so that they shall adhere together, then places a quantity in his left hand supported by his composing rule, with the nicks upward and the face toward him, takes a few letters between the fingers and thumb of his right hand, and, seeing by a glance what they are, drops them with great rapidity into their proper boxes. If this is not done with accuracy, he suffers loss by the time spent in correcting the errors that will consequently appear in the next matter set up. In a day's work of ten hours a good compositor will set, correct and distribute 6,000 ems or 12,000 letters.—*New American Cyclopædia.*

Contributors to this Work.

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St. Louis, April 20, 1864.

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